

# DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## POETRY.

### If We Must Say Farewell.

If we must say farewell to day,  
My love shall end to-morrow,  
For what were all this world to me,  
If I must live in sorrow?  
I'd sooner die than live and love  
Without sweet love's return:  
I'd sooner let affections die  
Than passions vainly burn.

For what a vain, unreal good,  
Were kneeling at thy shrine,  
Forewarned that praying never could  
Convert thy love to mine.  
What folly that my heart should be  
Of such a slight concern,  
That it should longer worship thee  
Without time in return.

Ah no, to thee, my heart shall be  
In captive bonds, not broken,  
Nor retrospective memory  
Return to give love's token.  
Proud fancy shall no longer woo  
A vacant minded folly,  
Nor when she's bade a last adieu  
Dread words of melancholy.

I'll live to smile and love again,  
Perchance more worthy too  
Will be the object of my love,  
Than her I did adore.  
So then farewell, farewell to day,  
My love shall end to-morrow,  
I'll live to smile and love again,  
But ne'er bow down to sorrow.

## STORE TELLER.

### TO THE RESCUE.

The coast of Maine is said to be one of the most picturesque in the world. It is indented everywhere with bays, some large like Penobscot, some small like St. Johns; and these bays are studded with islands of every size; while off the coast lie other islands—Deer Island, Fox Island, Isle au Haut, Monaghan—all large; and, flanking them seaward or nestling under their lee, smaller ones; until you reach the more rocky islet, or even reef, the latter covered with water at high-tide.

Many of these islands are uninhabited, except by French fishermen, while others are quite fashionable summer resorts. On one of the former a few years ago, two young men could have been seen sitting in front of a fisherman's cabin; one an invalid, slowly convalescing; the other in full maturity of health and early manhood, but with a look of settled melancholy on his high-bred, handsome face.

"I am glad to see you reviving so fast, Frank, under this stimulating air," said the latter. "You see now that I was right in bringing you to this out-of-the-way place where you could have perfect repose, instead of letting you go, as you proposed to Mount Desert, where the racket, even in the quietest hotel, would have brought back your fever."

"Yes," answered the other, "but I wish I could see you improving also. However," as the other gave an impatient shrug, "I suppose mental ailments are not cured as speedily as bodily ones. Still, as I have told you before, Jack, I don't believe Kate meant to throw you over. It was a lover's quarrel, and, if you had been a little more patient, all would have come right."

"You mean well, Frank," replied Jack, after a pause; "but you do not understand the affair. No one ever does, except the parties themselves. Pray—"

"Come, come," said the other, interrupting, "don't go off on a high horse. All I mean is that if you and Kate could meet, things, I believe, might be explained. I am sure that she loved you."

"I thought so once," answered Jack, "and if I thought so still—"

But here he broke off suddenly, and took a turn or two up and down in front of the cabin. Coming back presently, he said:

"It's no use, however, to indulge in such idle dreams. Kate deliberately threw me over for that young cad, Belgrave. Then when I expostulated, she—Well, I took back her ring, that she snatched off and handed to me; and that's the end. The last thing that we heard before leaving New York, you know, was that she and Belgrave were to be married in the fall."

"That's true; and that she is now in Paris buying her trousseau. Still, as I said before, I believe she doesn't love that young millionaire, and does love you."

"Bah!" retorted the other cynically, "she never loved me. It's money she's after, like all the rest of her sex. I'm only a struggling young lawyer, and have but a small fortune; and while Belgrave has ninety thousand a year, and can give her a town mansion and a villa at Newport, a four-in-hand, diamonds—"

"And break her heart," interrupted

Frank. "I know Kate pretty well, for she's too noble a nature to be satisfied with such things; she may be driven by pique into marrying Belgrave but it will kill her if she does. For God's sake, Jack, fling aside your pride and make an effort, before it's too late, for a reconciliation."

"Never!" cried the other with a vicious pill at his moustache. "Never! She and her cad of a millionaire would laugh at me as an infatuated fool. Isn't it time you were going in? The air is rather fresh here as evening draws on, and to-night it is sharper than ever; a storm must be brewing."

"There has been one, and a severe one, out at sea," replied Frank, "from the way the swell has been coming in all day. I've been watching it break over Gifford's Reef, out yonder; sometimes it went as high as a schooner's masthead."

## II.

It was about four o'clock in the morning, just as the gray of the dawn was coming on, that Jack was roused from sleep by the roar of the wind and the thunder of the surf on the rocks close at hand. As he sat up in bed to listen, the tempest shook the hut to its foundation.

"It's a regular snorter, and no mistake," he said to Frank, who had also awoke. "The wind must be going at the rate of fifty miles an hour. Hark! what was that?"

For over even the boom of wind and wave they heard what seemed the reverberation of a distant cannon.

"It is nothing," said Frank, after a pause.

"No, there it is again!" cried Jack, leaping out of bed. "A signal gun! It must be a ship on the reef outside." He began to dress hurriedly, and Frank also got up. But Jack interposed.

"Lie still," he said, "or, if you will dress, keep within the shelter of the house. It's as much as your life is worth, in your weak state, to face this gale. I'll go and see what is the matter."

Jack had scarcely reached the front door, when he was joined by the three fishermen whose lodger he was.

"A schooner has struck the reef," said the elder, the father of the other two. "She'll be sure to go to pieces. An hour will settle it."

Through the faint light of dawn they could just distinguish the wreck, with her bow high out of water, her foremast broken off half-way up, and the sea dashing over the forecastle at every surge.

"She's been tryin' to make the bay," said the old man, "but hasn't allowed enough for the set of this swell, and so has gone on the reef."

Half her back has just broken. She'll not hold together long now. They are gettin' out the boat, aren't they? Jim," to one of the others, "run in and get the glass."

The glass was soon brought; an old-fashioned one, nearly two feet long, that only a practiced eye could see through at all. The fisherman adjusted it to his eye.

"Yes, they're goin' to launch the yawl—and some one is bein' helped into it—a woman—but she draws back, they push off without her. There she goes!"

Jack, even without the glass, could see all this, for he had an eagle eye. The fisherman's exclamation was caused by the sudden swamping of the boat, which had scarcely pushed off from the wreck when a huge roller took it, lifted it bodily in the air and flung it down, shattered on the reef, alongside of the schooner. The crew was seen for a moment or two struggling in the water; then all that remained were two solitary figures on the deck, one that of a woman.

The old man shut the spy-glass with a snap.

"It's a yacht," he said, "and not a common trader; you can see that by her rakish air and clear run. I s'pose that's her owner and his wife, maybe. They're rich swells, no doubt, to be able to keep such a beauty, only for pleasure, a bit in the summer. But I wouldn't give my old boat, or my poor cabin here, for all their millions now. No, I wouldn't swap places with them for the whole earth."

"Can nothing really be done?" asked Jack.

"Nothin'. The yacht'll part before an hour, even if she holds together that long—"

"Sss here," cried Jack, seizing the speaker's hand; "you're a brave old fellow and your sons are as brave. I can't stand idle here and see a woman drown before my eyes."

The fisherman shook his head.

"It would be a temptin' of the Lord," he said.

"On the contrary, the Lord would be with us," answered Jack. "It's not as if you were like others. For most men, even good seamen, it might be too great a risk. But you can handle a boat as I've never seen one handled before. You know every foot of that reef. You can steer up to the wreck safely, when no other man could. We haven't a life-boat, to be sure; but your whale boat is as good as one in your hands. Think—it is a woman! What if your own daughter were out there?"

The old man was moved at last. "I had a darter once," he said, his voice breaking, "but she died young, and it nearly killed mother and me. Maybe there's some one as will take it as hard if that gal out there is drowned. Boys," turning to his sons, "what do you say?"

"Whatever you say, father," answered the elder, with alacrity.

"Can you row?" said the old man, turning to Jack. "I've seen you rowin' often, and you're pretty good at it; but do you think you could hold your oar in such a sea as this?"

"Look at my arm," thrusting up his sleeve and displaying the muscles of a Hercules almost. "I pulled the best oar at Harvard, and am not out of training yet. I have rowed in almost as heavy seas before. I could hold on all day, I think."

"Very well," said the old man, calmly, "come on, then. I'll just put on my coat and pilot hat. Jim can take the bow-oar, Ned the stroke, and you the one between. You'd better leave your hat behind; it would blow off. Go bare-head, like the boys."

Frank had come to the window and overheard this conversation, and now watched breathlessly what followed. The fisherman's craft was lying in a sheltered cove just below the house; it took but a moment to push her out into the open; and, in another moment she began to fight her way seaward, breasting the surges like some living, sentient thing.

Frank had never been the witness of such a terrible struggle before. His heart leaped to his throat and almost choked him when the first incoming wave struck the boat, as she turned out of her little harbor and faced the angry sea; for the great billow hit her with a noise like some mighty trip-hammer, and with such force that for a moment it seemed as if it would shatter her to pieces. But after an instant's check, the gallant boat rose again, though the foam drenched her crew to the very skin.

For five, ten, fifteen minutes—even longer—Frank watched the boat. Sometimes it would disappear, sunk in a trough of the sea; and once it was so long emerging that Frank cried aloud, involuntarily: "It is gone!" But after what seemed an age, it rose again, facing the tumultuous surges more defiantly than ever.

## III.

Meantime there was silence on board the boat; the crew pulling at the oars; the old man having as much as he could do to keep her head to the sea. Once Jack glanced over his shoulder to find out how near they were to the wreck. The yacht, at that moment, was about fifty fathoms off, and he could discern the two figures, but indistinctly only, for the spray broke over them almost continually. The woman was crouching down under the bulwarks, while her companion stood over her, vainly trying to break the force of the waves that deluged them at every alternate moment. It was at this juncture that the old man spoke.

"The pinch comes now," he said.

"If we aint keeful we shall get swamped as we come up to the yacht, or we may smash ourselves again here. It's worse goin' up to a wreck like this than bein' caught in the breakers even. Steady, steady—hold her till I give the word. Now!"

Jack never knew exactly how it was done. At he sat rowing, his back to the wreck, he watched the old man's face, and in its varying emotions the progress of the story. He knew that the boat was close to the wreck; that the old man had waited his chance, and had now shot up under her lee; that he had called to those in the yacht, with directions what to do, and had received an answer; that a moment after, a wave lifted them quite to the level of the deck; that a ringing shout followed: "Now for it!" that a woman's almost helpless form was swung into the boat, her companion leaping in after her; and that, instantaneously with the order "Give way!" the old man had headed the boat from

the wreck; and they were once more riding the tumultuous waters; only this time with wind and wave in their favor, instead of against them. The danger was over—comparatively, at least.

"Why, heavens! is that you, Jack?" cried the rescued man as he looked about him. "How did you come here?"

There was a stir in the bottom of the boat. The other rescued passenger was not wholly insensible, as Jack had supposed. She half rose on her elbow, and looked up at Jack. For the first time Jack saw her face distinctly, and recognized—Miss Mortimer.

"Yes," went on the other, "I and sister Kate have been yachting along this coast all summer. We had just left one party of guests at Mount Desert, and were running down to Portland to pick up another set, when somehow the skipper plumped us on the reef last night. Kate was so demoralized that, when the crew launched the yawl, she would not get in; and I of course stayed and took my chances with her. Lucky it was, too; for the others, as perhaps you saw, were all drowned."

"I thought Kate—Miss Mortimer—was in Paris," stammered Jack. His brain was in a whirl. He hardly knew what he was saying. He trembled so he could scarcely manage his oar, and was only recalled to himself by the quick, stern "Steady!" of the old fisherman steering.

"So you heard that abominable rot, did you?" said Fred Mortimer. "Kate hasn't been abroad, and never had any thought of going, or—or—of anything else."

He blurted this last out defiantly, in spite of a frightened glance from Kate.

Jack had turned his face away, his mouth sternly set, after that first recognition; but now he looked down at Kate, who was lying almost at his feet in the center of the boat. Something in his glance gave the poor girl courage. She could not take his hand; he was too busy with his oar for that; but she laid her soft fingers on his knee, and pressed it tenderly. "Forgive me," she murmured. "It was all my fault. Oh I have wanted so, ever since the day you left us so angrily, to get a chance to explain!"

The voice of the brother, who was sitting in the stern-sheets by the old man, broke in here:

"What!" he cried, in answer to something the latter had said. "It is to Jack, then, and not you, that we owe our lives? My dear Jack," his voice breaking, "you're the noblest fellow ever born; for you didn't even know who we were; and you risked your life for those whom you thought strangers. God bless you!"

When the boat went into the little cove, it was Jack who stooped and lifted the still weak Kate and carried her in his arms. How she clung to him! How she kept saying "Forgive me, Jack!" How she said again and again: "Oh! thank God, not only that we are saved, but that you saved us."

No one was ever told what was said at the private interview which took place between Jack and Kate, later in the day. Sufficient it is to know that all was satisfactorily explained. Kate had, perhaps, flirted a little; had even proposed to try her lover's patience; and had, at the last, gone too far. But she had been sincerely repentant, ever since she saw how angry Jack had got. It was not her fault that idle gossip had fabricated the story of her engagement.

Frank heard more than anybody else; but what he heard was very little, after all. It was told when he and Jack were alone together.

"You were right, my dear boy," said Jack. "A little patience on my part would have saved Kate and me from a summer of agony. I was angry, and made a fool of myself, and that's the whole of it."

Jack and Kate are the happiest couple in New York, and will, we predict, always continue so; for they have learned wisdom from suffering, and have had their first and last quarrel.

Eels can go up any waterfall, no matter how high, if they are less than five inches long when they get to it. Seth Green says: "There are plenty of eels in Lake Ontario, but none above, except they have been transported or got up through the canal. They are so large when they get to Niagara Falls that they cannot get over; they are so heavy they fall before they get to the top."

## THE DEAF-MUTES.

MEETING OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE CENTRAL NEW YORK INSTITUTION—ABSTRACTS FROM THE ANNUAL REPORT.

The meeting of the board of trustees of the Central New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes, at which the annual reports were read, was held on Wednesday at 2:30 P.M., at the office of B. J. Beach, president of the board.

The report of the treasurer, John G. Bissell, showed the receipts for the last fiscal year to have been \$53,601.65; expenditures, \$53,134.29; balance on hand, \$467.36. The total indebtedness of the institution is \$11,500.

Prof. Nelson, Principal of the institution, presented his eleventh annual report. It showed that there were under instruction during the year one hundred sixty-four pupils, which included sixteen new admissions. Ten pupils have severed their connection with the school during the year, of which number the terms of five had expired, three were detained at home (cause unknown) one was returned to his parents and one died, leaving a total of one hundred fifty-four connected with the institution September 30th, 1885. The average attendance during the year was one hundred and fifty-six. There have been no changes in the educational department. Every known method has been employed to give the pupils a sound practical education, which it would be impossible for them to obtain except in special schools of this class. Every class in the institution was thoroughly and personally examined by the principal during the year with gratifying results, showing that both teachers and pupils have been attentive to their duties.

In the domestic department there have been no changes of importance during the year.

The trades of printing, shoemaking, cabinetmaking and glazing have been taught to those of the boys who showed capacity in those directions. The girls received instruction in dressmaking, all kinds of domestic sewing and various kinds of housework.

The literary association furnished intellectual recreation every week during the school term.

One of the most important factors of the institution, although a private enterprise of one of the boys, is the printing office, which during the past term has given employment to ten boys who have made good progress in the trade, some of them having worked in printing offices during vacation and given good satisfaction. A little paper, called the *Register*, is issued from the office every Saturday, devoted principally to news from the institution and to such selected matter as will encourage a taste for reading in the pupils. It circulates to a considerable extent among outsiders and the friends and parents of the pupils, and serves to keep the school before the public. The boys do all the mechanical part of the work, the matter being written and selected by one of the teachers, who exercises general supervision over the concern. The cases, stands, and other necessary furniture of the office, were all made in the carpenter shop. Considerable work in the way of blanks and examination reports has been done in the office, and when it is provided with better facilities, which are about to be ordered, it will be competent to do more extensive work. It is a valuable adjunct to the institution.

The literary association has grown from year to year by the gifts of kind local friends, by purchase and occasional donations from a distance. But its wants are yet far from being supplied. There are standard works of history, travel and biography, of interest to the young, and their donation by those who have them to spare would fill a gap that has already existed too long, and would confer a lasting benefit upon the institution.

The report of Dr. Flandrau, the institution physician, shows that the health of the school boys has, with the exception of a few cases of measles, been excellent. During the year there were 197 admissions to the hospital, embracing 99 persons. Only one death occurred among the pupils, that of Joseph Archambault, of Oswego, on March 18, aged 12 years, of measles complicated with intense capillary bronchitis. Mrs. Eliza Moore, of Rome, assistant matron, died March 30, of dropsy, aged 58 years. An interesting and successful surgical operation was performed on one of the pupils by Dr. Flandrau, during the scarlet fever which caused

the deafness of Charles Lashbrooks, an ulceration perforated his cheek, leaving a salivary fistula, through a minute opening in which, on the outside of his cheek, the saliva had for fifteen years constantly escaped. By means of this operation the opening in the cheek was closed, and the course of the saliva turned into its proper channel. The sanitary condition of the buildings has been considerably improved.

The principal closed his report by endeavoring to impress upon the minds of parents and guardians the importance of keeping their deaf children under instruction, where they have the privilege, till the last day of the term.

The report is very satisfactory, and shows that all connected with the school have worked faithfully and well for its best interests and advancement. The friends of the institution and of deaf-mute education have a right to be proud of the progress made, and should feel encouraged to labor in the future to the end that the influence of the school may be extended still wider and its benefits be made more far-reaching.—*Rome Sentinel*, Nov. 3, '85.

## WORK THAT DEAF-MUTES CAN DO.

"The number of deaf and dumb persons in the city, exclusive of those in the institution, is about eight hundred," said Principal Crouter, of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, to a Philadelphia *Times* reporter. "Last year a committee took a great deal of trouble to trace the lives of graduate for ten years back and the figures obtained are very gratifying. It was found that eighty-eight out of every hundred are self-supporting, working at various trades in which hearing is not an absolute requisite. Deaf and dumb people can be found at work in carpenter shops, machine shops, and in similar industrial establishments. That lithograph on the wall is the work of a graduate. I know of four lawyers who are deaf-mutes—two in Ohio and two in Canada. The late Chief Examiner of Patents, Parkinson, was a deaf-mute, and a number of the government clerks in Washington are afflicted in the same way. These cases show that speech and hearing are not absolutely essential for comparative success in various walks of life. A large number of those known as deaf and dumb can speak, however, thanks to the education received in institutions of this character. There are two schools in this State, this one and one about half the capacity in Pittsburgh. At Washington there is a college for higher education, where graduates from the ordinary institutions may continue their studies to almost any desired extent."

"Teaching the deaf and dumb is very difficult work, requiring great experience and indomitable patience. It is, perhaps, twice as difficult as teaching the blind. It is comparatively easy to reach the understanding of the blind, because they can hear. But in the case of a child born deaf it is an entirely different matter. Where the deafness is accidental or occurring through disease, say at eight, ten or twelve years of age, the work is not so hard. The fact that the child has once had the sense of hearing is a great foundation. In this institution we use both the sign or manual system, and the oral or lip-reading system. The former is the French idea and the latter the German."

"Of the total number of deaf persons about one-third can be made to speak, but of those who are born deaf the proportion is very much lower—in fact, I would not like to reduce it to figures. We have oral school at Eleventh and Clinton streets. Industrial education is receiving more attention each year. We have now carpenter shops, tailoring shops and a printing office. The girls are taught all the forms of needlework, cooking and the various other feminine occupations."

A Maine farmer had a wife who declared she would never be weighed. One day, when she was in the wagon, he drove his team on the hay scales and had the whole thing weighed without his wife knowing what was going on. Then he afterward came back and had the team weighed without his wife, and found it just 225 pounds lighter.

The seeds of love can never grow but under the warm and genial influence of kind feelings and affectionate manners.

## Items from Southern Indiana.

Having been quite urgently requested to write a few items to the JOURNAL, and having had too weak a will to decline, so we will comply. We visited the Princeton Fair last month. But, after rambling all over the ground, and occasionally studying a person to see if his senses were O. K., we felt disappointed at not meeting a single deaf-mute, and at last we concluded to explore the town, and then take the next train for home. Accidents happened all at once. So on our way to the depot, we saw a young man, apparently a stranger, sitting in front of a store. He was so deeply absorbed that we thought his heart was laying way down in his boots. He cast only a passing glance at him, as we hurried by, but had gone only a few paces, when we felt a heavy blow on our shoulder, and forcing our assailant angrily, and almost ready to return the blow, when lo! we recognized the face of "Plow Boy" or "Old Post," peeping out beyond a moustache, goatee and side whiskers. After a shake and a little explanation of the "How?" and "Why?" we learned that he had not taken the JOURNAL for a year, and was not "posted." We hope that he has "braced up," and subscribed by this time, and that he will keep his "Old Post" well posted. "Plow Boy" is said to be a large "watermelon raiser," and has shipped car loads to Indianapolis, Cincinnati and Louisville, this season. He also assured us that he did not drink a drop of water since the melon season began. But a melon contains water, don't you know? In the evening, we called together on Miss Bettie Turner, an old classmate of ours, and spent an hour in pleasant conversation about old school days. Miss Turner is taking lessons in painting.

Rev. Mann held three interesting services at Evansville, Sunday, the 25th inst., according to appointment. The following named ladies and gentlemen honored him with their presence. Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Brizins, Newburgh, Ind.; Mr. Louis Hildebrand, Huntingburg, Ind.; Mr. Silas Stephens, Misses Emma Stephens, Bettie Meyer, Lizzie Reing, Lou Schmedit, and a few others whose names have escaped our memory.

The father of Mr. Silas Stephens died some time ago, and they have rented their farm out, and live in the city in a handsome new brick residence, which commands a beautiful view of the Ohio and its passing steamboats.

Silas is working in a Cracker Factory, and gets good wages.

ONCE IN A WHILE.

## THE OLDEST MAN LIVING.

At Moberly, Mo., resides Robert Gidson, an old man who has seen 119 winters. He was a contemporary of Washington, Jefferson, King George II., Lisle and Hume. He was voted at every presidential election, beginning with Washington. The diet and habits of such a man are worth studying. Breakfast has always been his heartiest meal. He eats three times a day and makes it a rule to rise from the table hungry. His supper is a biscuit or a piece of corn bread and a glass of milk. He has always been careful to keep his feet dry. He has used tobacco since the age of sixty-five. He chews, but does not smoke. For more than one hundred years he has been in the habit of taking an occasional dram, but he does not desire to be quoted in favor of or against prohibition. The old fellow now is almost deaf, dumb and blind. He cannot move without great exertion. Most of the time he is in a semi-unconscious state, but occasionally he talks intelligently, and shows that he still remembers the past, and realizes what is going on around him.—*Elmira Tidings*.

Elmira, N. Y., Jottings.

August Christ, of Elmira, N. Y., whose baby was recently born, is the happiest father in town. Mother and baby are both healthy.

August has just got a letter from Mr. Dougherty, of Watkins, asking for a good shoemaker to help him in his employer's shop. A man in Elmira was secured, and it is believed he has gone there. August was offered the place, but he has so much to do at his brother's shop that he declined to accept the job. He is a first-class (custom-made) shoemaker. His wages are good, and he works by the piece.



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOV. 19, 1885.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.00. Clubs of ten, \$10.00. If not paid within six months, \$1.50. These prices are invariable. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter. 62 Terms, cash in advance.

## CONTRIBUTIONS.

All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York City.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Inquiries concerning the whereabouts of individuals, will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

The credit of taking the initiative in combining school-room instruction with that of industrial education belongs, we believe, to institutions for the deaf and dumb. The great measure of success achieved in the departments of manual training has given the system a strong and growing importance in every institution. At the present day, no school for deaf-mutes is considered complete or effective unless opportunities are afforded for learning a useful trade. This opinion is not the result of theoretical reasoning only, but is the outgrowth of practical experience. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that mechanical schools for the training of hearing children are growing more and more numerous, and the benefits which they confer are so palpably apparent, that advocates of a combined course of instruction in our common schools are springing up everywhere and carrying popular opinion with them. Such a flattering endorsement of the method which has so long been practiced in fitting deaf-mute children for the battle of life, should be a matter of pride to those who have upheld and fostered it. The following is taken from the editorial columns of the New York Mechanical News of November 15th:

"A tendency has shown itself very strongly of late to give to both boys and girls, but especially the former, practical training in such employments as they will probably have to follow to gain a livelihood. The progress of such a reform, however—if we may venture to apply that term to it—is likely to be slow. There is a traditional preference, so deeply and firmly planted as to amount almost to a religion, in favor of the prevailing educational system, by which the youth of the country are made to give their best years to the study of branches decidedly more ornamental than useful, and are then left to struggle into fields of self-sustaining effort as best they may. The impression seems to exist that getting an education is one thing, and getting a living is another, quite apart from and only indirectly related to the first. It is no figure of speech to say that there are persons who believe that to 'get an education' is the chief end of man, and that procuring a subsistence is a secondary matter, to be waived for the time being, and considered only when in the course of nature it is forced upon our attention. According to them, it is a sordid and unworthy view of life in which the first thought is given to providing the means of living. Sooner or later even those who have been most ready to sacrifice all else for the sake of obtaining what is called a liberal education, find that the greater part of our existence must be given up to obtaining food, raiment and shelter. However prosaic these necessities may be, they are imperative; and until due provision has been made for them, none of the higher aims which we assuredly ought to cherish can be carried into execution.

"The idea upon which mechanical or trade schools are based is that of educating directly for the work of life. It does not at all preclude the obtaining, either at the same time or at an earlier period, of a good English education. In these days no young man or woman in any rank of society can be considered as equipped for any avocation whatever, if destitute of a fair knowledge of the common branches. There is much difference of opinion as to the best methods of giving instruction in these branches; but nobody disputes the necessity, as a protection to free institutions, of teaching them to every child in the nation. It is only when the point is reached where proficiency in the common branches is assumed to have been gained, that the conflict arises of which one side is represented by trade schools. A choice is then to be made, let us suppose, between Greek and Latin on the one hand and bricklaying on the other. Let it be granted that of the two the study of Greek and Latin is the higher pursuit. The question is, though it may be a humiliation to have to ask it, Which will pay the best? By which will the physical wants of the future man and of those belonging to him be most reliably met? No doubt there are many cases in which the classics, the higher mathematics, art, music, literature, philosophy, will prove the more profitable as well as the more attractive pursuit, by reason of the special aptitude of the student. In such cases no word can be said against the cultivation of a fortunate gift to the utmost limit of its possibilities. But for the vast majority, the road through life must run on a humbler level, though in no way inferior in happiness, usefulness or honor."

## North Carolina Items.

We acknowledge receipt and return thanks for an invitation to attend the marriage of Sidney and Pearl King, which took place in Halifax County, Va., on the 27th ult., but regret our inability to be present. They were in Caswell County, N. C., last week, visiting relatives and friends, and we hope their visit was pleasant. They were formerly pupils of the Raleigh Institution, but are now attending the Virginia Institution, where they returned from Caswell Co., last Saturday.

"Atwell" appreciated a short visit from Peter Ray, of Greensboro, N. C., last Sunday. He was looking very well, and seemed to be highly pleased with his visit. Mr. Ray is still employed as book binder and compositor in that city, and has been offered a position with handsome wages in the Government printing office, at Washington City, but he declined the offer, owing to his inability to leave his aged mother. Come again, Peter.

Prof. F. D. Clarke, formerly a teacher of the New York Institution, has been appointed Principal of the Arkansas Institution. From a private letter from the Arkansas Institution, we are pleased to learn that he is a fine officer, and all are highly pleased with his management of the school. Mr. Clarke is a native of North Carolina, and has our hearty congratulations.

We have had a great deal of pleasure in reading Frank Lindsay's communication in the *Goodson Gazette*. Frank, whose parents had moved to North Carolina, left the Virginia Institution two years ago. He is now sticking type on the *Kernersville News*, and is anxious to go to the Raleigh Institution, this winter, to complete his education.

The many friends of Peter Ray will be pleased to learn that he has been appointed local agent for the Gallaudet Centennial Memorial Fund, in the State. Our congratulations to you, Peter.

The attendance of the Raleigh Institution, we learn, is very good this session. Quite a large number of new pupils are present.

Mr. J. C. Miller is clerking in a bank at Goldsboro, N. C. Everybody likes him, as he is a polite and clever fellow.

Why don't the deaf-mute boys of the Raleigh Institution organize a debating society like that of the Virginia Institution?

ATWELL.

## Gallaudet Centennial Memorial Fund.

TREASURER'S BULLETIN, No. 4.

KENDALL GREEN, WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 14 '85. The receipts of this week are from Miss Alice Chambers, Centerville, Md., \$1.00. From Raleigh, N. C., \$10.00. Through Z. W. Haynes, (Miss Lizzie B. Turlington, collector.) Miss N. Marshall, 50. E. M. Goodwin, 1. Mrs. Helen Grimes, 25. Miss Carrie Wilson, 1. George Howard, 1. W. J. Young, 1. J. M. Costner, 1. J. C. Blair, 1. Walter Leavon, 1. W. F. Dehmann, 40. Gideon Holland, 25. Pupils of the North Carolina Institution for the Deaf, 4. Mrs. Louisa E. Haynes, 50. And from John W. Scott, Jackson, Miss., through T. A. Froehlich, 10.00. Receipts of the week, 21.90. Already reported, 114.66. Total cash in hands of Treasurer, 136.56. Other assets already reported, 125.75. Total assets, \$262.31. A. G. DRAVER, Treasurer.

## Geo. W. Schutt's Appointments.

Sunday, Nov. 22d.—Cornwall, N. Y., 2:30 p.m.  
Sunday, Nov. 29th.—Kingston, N. Y., 2:30 p.m.  
Sunday, Dec. 20th.—Trinity Church West Troy, N. Y., 10:30 a.m.  
Sunday, Dec. 20th.—St. Paul's Church, Albany, N. Y., 2:30 p.m.

# ITEMIZER.

## News From Every State in the Union.

### FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

There are 260 pupils at the Iowa Institution.

Miss Susie McKinney, of Philadelphia, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Will, at Easton, Pa.

Wm G. Ritchie and Miss Mattie Surber, of Iowa, were married on the 11th of November.

Miss Abbie J. Daniels, of New London, Conn., is visiting her relatives in Pawtucket, R. I.

Elmer E. Ayers, of Colorado, is in Memphis, Tenn. He proposes going to New Orleans before long.

Among the weavers who struck for an advance of ten cents at West Troy, was Matthew Cheevers, a deaf-mute.

W. D. Manger, of Bridgeport, Ct., is going to Worcester, Mass., to stay over Thanksgiving with his relatives.

John C. McDowell, of Stockbridge, N. Y., was surprised to meet M. F. Cheevers in Greenville, N. J., last week.

Henry Riegel, of Riegelville, Pa., will be married, on December 23d, to Miss Catharine Lewis, of Morris Run, Tioga Co., Pa.

Mr. Thomas Turrell, an uneducated deaf-mute, who works at the Dry Dock was accidentally hurt recently. Seven men were also injured.

Louis Herbold, one of the prominent deaf-mutes of the Iowa Institution, and Minnie Edgerton, were married on the 25th ult. They will live in Newton.

Mr. Orlando Clark, of Mystic River, Conn., went to Boston on a pleasant trip. Before coming back, he stopped at Providence, R. I., to see his friends.

It is said that Miss Lottie Kirkland, of the Western Pennsylvania Institution, will accept a position as articulation teacher in the Institution at Little Rock, Ark.

Mrs. E. C. Ould is now the guest of Mrs. Frank Roberts, 1599 Lexington Avenue corner 101st Street and will be pleased to have her friends call to see her.

Rev. Mr. Mann conducted morning service at the Western Pennsylvania Institution on Sunday, Nov. 8th. On the Saturday night previous, he told several stories to the pupils in the chapel.

On Sunday, the 8th inst., Rev. Job Turner gave two private services to the deaf-mutes in Hagerstown, Md., at 10:30 a.m. and 3 p.m., and conducted a joint service at St. John's church in the same place in the night. He started for the South after service, his destination being New Orleans, Louisiana.

Last October Mr. F. A. Beecher, his wife, and daughter, Natalie, of West Randolph, Vt., went to New York and Brooklyn, to visit his two brothers, and stayed about one week and a half. They had a splendid time. One Sunday afternoon they went to attend St. Ann's Church. They returned home via New London boat.

A. C. Des Rochers, a young deaf-mute, employed by Walker & Hartwell, met with a rather painful accident, Monday, while out with the order wagon. The horse which he was driving stepped into a hole and fell, and the young man in trying to jump lost his footing and fell heavily across the wheel, breaking two ribs.—*Gardiner, Mass., News.*

Rev. E. V. Lebreton, of Philadelphia writes:—"Please tell my dear friends, the Catholic Deaf-Mutes of Philadelphia, (and not only Catholics, but deaf-mutes of any belief) that I am always ready to help them along, and to do everything for them. I intend also to start here a Benevolent and Literary Deaf-Mute Society. Those who would like to join, can call on me at 417 Spruce Street."

Mr. J. M. Koehler held services last Sunday at Easton, and Riegelville, Pa. Owing to the inclement weather, only a few deaf-mutes could attend. The service at Riegelville was held in the Lutheran Church there, and was attended by a large number of hearing people, to whom such a service was a great novelty and interesting. There are thirteen deaf-mutes at Riegelville, among them Mr. and Mrs. Edward and Henry Heller, Mr. and Mrs. Nash, Robert Heller, Miss Heller, and Mr. Joseph Penrose, all of whom are well-known to New York deaf-mutes. Mr. Penrose has a fine brood of hens and pigeons, in which he takes great pride.

## An Olathe Asylum Scandal.

(From the Kansas City Times.)

OLATHE, KAN., Nov. 6.—This community is all torn up over the arrest last Saturday night of A. S. McCulloch, ex-steward of the deaf and dumb asylum at this place, on the charge of seducing Mary Kelley, an inmate of the institution. The girl left the asylum at the close of last year's school term and returned to her home in Wyandotte. Her condition becoming apparent her mother demanded an explanation a few days ago, and the girl said that McCulloch was the father of her child. The parents, accompanied by the girl, came to this city Saturday, and swore out the warrant upon which McCulloch was arrested. He was taken before a justice of the peace and his bond fixed at \$700. Out of deference to his position in the community, McCulloch, instead of being locked up, was kept under guard at the American House. This morning his mother-in-law, who is an aunt of the Younger boys, and a wealthy resident of Harrisonville, came to Olathe in answer to a telegram and offered to give bond. It was refused, however, as she is a non-resident. She returned to Harrisonville for money with which to indemnify persons here who will be asked to go on his bond.

The people are very indignant here, as the girl is little more than half-witted. Fear is expressed that bond will be given, in which case it is thought that McCulloch will leave the country. McCulloch's term expired last June, and he has since been traveling correspondent of a Topeka paper. He was formerly editor of a paper at this place. Great sympathy is expressed for his wife and children.

A Philadelphia correspondent says that while a deaf-mute, of Philadelphia, was napping in the afternoon of one day recently, a thief came down through the trap-door of the house and stole some valuable things.

Mr. Fred. Woolever and family moved to Bridgeport, Ct., from Syracuse, N. Y., last October. He is an iron moulder by trade and is still busy, working in the Eaton, Cole & Burnham Factory.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin W. Frisbee were given an elegant dinner at the Young's Hotel at 5 o'clock, Thursday p.m., by relatives on the first anniversary of their wedding. On the same day, Hon. James G. Blaine and wife were at the hotel.

A couple of lady teachers of the Iowa Institution, Misses Florence Clement and Miss Florence Wilcox, met with quite an accident on Sunday, October 25th. A carriage in which they were riding was overturned. Miss Clement had her right arm broken at the elbow. Miss Wilcox suffered from a cut on the cheek and a bruised right hand. Miss Clement is a very popular and successful art teacher.

## DEAF LEFT EARS.

It is said that a large number of persons are deaf in the left ear, and are obliged to rely upon the right one to do the duty of both. The following sketch from a New York paper brings out this fact:

"Will you be good enough to let me walk on your other side?" said a gentleman to a companion with whom he was crossing the City Hall Park. "I am deaf in my left ear, and I have been trying for five minutes to get at your left side, so that I might hear what you say! but you seem to have been endeavoring to prevent me."

"Why, of course I have," was the reply. "I, too, am deaf in the left ear, and if we change sides, I could not hear a word you said."

Both gentlemen looked astonished, and went on their way laughing. "There is nothing unusual in such an experience," said a New York artist. "The left ear is peculiarly liable to deafness or partial loss of hearing. The right ear soon becomes trained to bear the pressure placed upon it."

"Persons who have been long deprived of the left ear can usually hear sounds at a distance far more distinctly than those whose hearing is divided between two ears, owing to the peculiar sharpness acquired by the solitary organ, which is seldom sympathetically affected."

"The only inconvenience I know of in the loss of hearing by the left ear is when one is walking with a lady, or driving a friend in a buggy, or otherwise so situated that you cannot easily get your sound ear toward them."

"But for a constant traveller, such as a drummer, such an affliction is invaluable. No noise in a hotel can keep him awake at night. He has only to press his good ear to the pillow, and what can disturb him?"—*The Yonkers Companion.*

## The Galilei.

Mr. Charles Bryan will deliver a lecture on "The Victories of Peace," in the Sunday School room at St. Ann's Church, November 25th, at 8 p.m. Admission, 15 cents.

CLYMENT E. THOMSON, Sec'y of the Entertainment Committee.

## Notice.

Rev. Mr. Chamberlain is expected to hold a service for Deaf-mutes in St. Luke's Cathedral, Portland, Maine, on Friday, Nov. 20th, at 7:30 p.m., and in Christ Church, Biddeford, on Sunday, Nov. 22d.

## A Natural Storm Signal.

A storm on the wild, iron-bound coast of North Cornwall is not to be readily forgotten by those who have seen it rage in full force. Its coming is heralded by flocks of red-legged gulls skimming low over the estuaries, making their way to the marshy margins of streams far from the coast; hovering in troubled masses above muddy flats, or circling with shrill cries about sheltered farmsteads. Following toward the land come several coasting smacks and trawlers, making swift way to secure havens under the hills at St. Ives, New Quay or Padstow. There is a sudden lull in the freshening breeze; the waves that were beginning to break into sharp-edged foam are, for a moment, stilled; and the colorless sea, darkened by gathering clouds, looks like molten lead. Then the winds move again with a hollow moan. A cry, loud and clear, comes from overhead, where a great black-backed gull is soaring and wheeling like a falcon. "Foolish gulleimots" and razor-billed auks, forsaking all at once their industrious pursuit of small-fry under water, take post in rows on the ledges of jagged rocks, and stand there, a solemn, white-vested congregation; while low on the sullen seas the Mother Carey's chickens are darting like swallows. Far out, but yet too near those rugged crags and peaks of black rock, a solitary vessel is making her way up, channel under close-reefed topsails; ominous masses of heavy clouds have gathered quickly westward; the sea is broken into short chopping waves; the booming thunder of surf against sheer cliffs grows louder every minute; the bark is shrouded in a drifting torrent of rain, across which a pale gleam of sunlight strikes; and the wind, veering a few points more toward the north, begins to blow in furious gusts. Now and again one hears a mysterious noise, like the dull, distant report of a huge howitzer, followed by hoarse roaring as of a Titanic fog-horn. The stranger who has never listened to such weird, unearthly sounds before, may well be puzzled to account for them. Turning his glance from the angry sea, he will observe a tall, misty column, like the vapor of a geyser. That is spray forced by concussion of air through one of those curious shafts known along the Cornish coast as blow-holes; and thence the strange bellowing proceeds. There are many such slanting shafts in the cliffs hereabout, all so evidently artificial that they are supposed to have been cut by smugglers for the greater convenience of landing contraband goods.

# COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

DEC. 10.

## The Westminster Abbey of the Deaf.

### AN EXCITING PAPER CHASE.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

Rev. T. H. Gallaudet's birthday, December 10th, will be celebrated here in accordance with Prof. Draper's suggestion in a recent issue of the JOURNAL. The students held a mass meeting this evening and unanimously decided to have a social gathering about that time. It will be held on Friday evening, Dec. 11, instead of Dec. 10, as some can be here then who have engagements elsewhere on Thursday. Messrs. Hanson, Adams and Cloud, were selected to arrange for the celebration. Though the exact programme has not yet been decided upon, an hour or so will probably be devoted to an address and the relating of reminiscences of the genial philanthropist by older persons who had the pleasure of observing and experiencing his noble qualities of mind and heart. The rest of the evening will be chiefly given up to the amusement of the young folks,—playing games, dancing or what may be found most suitable. Some light refreshments will be served, and the party will be arranged with a view to enjoyment for all. A table with pens, ink and paper, will be placed somewhere and some time during the evening everybody present will be asked to subscribe something toward the memorial project. All the deaf-mutes in the city, with their friends, will be invited to come, and the people of Kendall Green will be invited in a body. Thus we expect to have a pretty large gathering, and a respectable sum ought to be raised. We are glad to see institutions and associations all over the country take steps towards similar gatherings, and after Dec. 10th, we expect to see the Treasurer's bulletins show a much more respectable sum total than they do now.

In a recent letter to the JOURNAL Mr. Harry White refers to the College as the Westminster Abbey of the Deaf. While we believe that Mr. White has the honor of being the first to use this title, the facts upon which the comparison is based are not new. Already within the College there are substantial memorials to some prominent benefactors of our class—busts of L'Epee, Sicard, and Garfield, and pictures of Kendall, Gallaudet and Clerc. In the Lyceum are pictures of nearly all the classes graduated since the commencement of the College. Not long ago, at a mass meeting of the students, it was decided to erect a small memorial as a tribute to the late Mr. Lyons. It was first intended to place a stone over his grave in Ireland; but after consulting the wishes of his parents, it was decided to put a small tablet with an appropriate inscription in some College wall. The place for it has not been decided upon as yet, but it will probably be near the chapel door in the hall leading from the College. Over twenty-five dollars have already been subscribed, and this sum will be sufficient to procure the intended stone. There are many other departed alumni who deserve as much as Mr. Lyons to be remembered here,—such as Bird, Stretch, Carroll, Cosgrove, Brown, Haskins and others; and if their college associates or friends will combine to erect such tributes, it would be a practical and appropriate way of perpetuating their memory. These tablets need not, and should not be expensive. Twenty five to fifty dollars should suffice in any case. We know of some young men who already have in mind to procure funds and put up a tablet in memory of the young men above named; and there is a place in the chapel reserved for a tablet to commemorate the names of the directors and officers of the College when it was founded. So far as the memorials are concerned, we heartily support Mr. White's idea to make this the Westminster Abbey of the deaf, but we hope they will not want it as a burial place for their illustrious dead.

An excellent "hare and hound" run was enjoyed by a number of students this afternoon. Hanson and Dobson were chosen "hares," and after describing some curious curves in the woods that would puzzle even Newton himself, they made a circuit of the fair grounds, and while the hounds were scanning the woods, they took a roundabout course for the College. The inhabitants of the Green were startled: a track was made right through the College building; and after getting a larger supply of paper, the hares disappeared over the fence between the President's and Prof. Chickering's houses. Fifteen minutes later the hounds came up and eagerly followed the track, which though crooked seemed thenceforward to have a general bearing toward the Soldiers' Home. Pastures and orchards formed a large part of the route, and the highest fences were sought and crossed a number of times. One of the juniors tried to use a fence as a boot-jack; but he declares that, while it

held his boot quite fast, it would not let his foot go; and moreover the attraction of gravitation was somewhat against the successful use of the apparatus, since to counteract this attraction it was necessary to have the assistance of a friend. Some of the ducks, true to their kin, sought comfort in the soft places about the brooks and ponds. There are numerous signs prohibiting trespassing in the orchards, but usually there is a pack of dogs to enforce the mandate, and these, unless they find their opponents greater cowards than themselves, soon discover that their presence is urgently required at the other side of the house. When near the new reservoir, the hares took it easy and did not observe that the hounds had followed rapidly and were close behind. Hanson, who was a little in advance, first observed the danger and tried to draw the attention of his friend, but failed to do so until the hounds had their hands upon him. Seeing his friend lost, Hanson started off alone pursued by the hounds, and by some hard running he succeeded in eluding his pursuers. The race was quite exciting, and finally about a mile beyond the Soldiers' Home the ring signifying the finish was found with a fresh lemon in the center. The lemon was divided among those who had kept up to the finish; and those who have been there know that nothing tastes so good as a fresh lemon after a long run. By comparing notes on reaching home, it was found only five minutes after the hare left it; but Hanson having taken a bee-line for Kendall Green and run most of the way, reached home half an hour before his pursuers.

## VARIOUS PARAGRAPHS.

Cool! no, cold! Mr. Bush got his under lip pretty badly cut in a practice game of football on Thursday.

The walk to the bicycle room has been fixed, and now the water can run into the trap without having to run up hill.

At last the Constitution of the Literary Society has been revised and will shortly be printed. Those who revised it often found out the shortcomings of our language to express concisely the ideas of the mind. But perhaps, after all, it was a case where ignorant workmen blame their tools. While doubtless a sharp eye will get be able to detect some deficiencies, a large number of changes have been made, and the new constitution will be a decided improvement upon the old one.

Some of the freshmen talk of organizing a club "for the encouragement of walking and running," prizes to be given to successful competitors. We heartily second the object of the organization, but rather think we have clubs enough. Walking and running have always been popular, and all but the Freshmen seem to know it. Indeed no prizes have been offered, except that of good health, but judging from the appearance of the foot ball men and many others, not a few have won this prize. However, some of the students, and notably the Freshmen, need more exercise, and if they cannot be induced to take it except by prizes held before their eyes, it is high time they should go ahead and procure the prizes.

Mr. Adams has been elected gymnasium captain, and as he has made a special study of physical culture for over a year past, we can feel safe that we do not lack competent instruction. Some improvement in the conduct of the exercises will probably be made before long. On Friday evening, Mr. Adams gave a party to a few of his classmates in celebration of his election.

Somebody who thinks himself very smart, has discovered the fact that none of the Reading Room rules prohibit throwing nut shells or other rubbish on the floor, and therefore he considers himself at liberty to do so. No written law prohibits a person from rolling himself in the mud if he wants to, and we trust this smart young man will see no objection if he should take a fancy to enjoying himself *a la mode du porc*. However, the law of propriety and neatness, of which every civilized man and especially a college student is expected to have some knowledge, bids a man, if he has no feelings of his own, at least to show some respect for the feelings of others.

Paint in its proper place may become a source of "joy forever," but applied to door knobs it is not always so. Please make a note of this, ye artists.

Wild grapes, black haws, and persimmons are quite abundant in the woods, and the "lovers of nature" find the neighboring groves very attractive at this season.

Many here would like to see an intelligent and comprehensive analysis of a "cold," and so have some reliable remedy. That it is due to deranged digestion we have no doubt. Various remedies have been proposed, but all seem to partake more or less of the character of a certain doctor's prescription which would cure a blacksmith and kill a shoemaker.

FRANK FRYKELL.

Nov. 14, '85.

## Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

Nov. 24.—Kankakee, Ill. (Probable).  
26.—Lima, Ohio. Evening.  
27.—Flint, Mich.  
29.—Detroit, Mich. 10:30 a.m.  
29.—Kalamazoo, Mich. 7:30 p.m.  
Dec. 6.—Indianapolis, 9 a.m. Institution; 10:30 a.m. Holy Communion at Christ Church; 4:00 p.m., Christ Church.

# NEWS OF THE WEEK

AGITATION over wages continues in the anthracite regions.

BRITISH steam launches have captured a Burmese war vessel on the Irrawaddy River.

H. B. CLAPLIN, the great dry-goods merchant died suddenly last week.

The Marquis of Lorne has applied for a patent for an improvement in bicycles.

LIEUT. SCHWATKA, of Berlin, will set out on an expedition to the North Pole next Spring.

A notorious negro thief was shot and killed by a mob at Wrightsville, Ga., on Tuesday last.

THE glassworkers' strike at Sandwich, Mass., has been settled on a basis satisfactory to both sides.

THERE have been six deaths from cholera at Brest, France, within the last two days. The disease is spreading.

THE shoe manufacturers of Brockton, Mass., have issued a circular containing a new scale of prices for lasting work.

TWENTY paupers were confirmed by Assistant Bishop Potter in the Almshouse on Blackwell's Island.

SENATOR INGALLS has given a library of 1,000 volumes of Congressional proceedings reports, etc., to the Kansas Historical Society.

VERVUS is again in a state of eruption. The lava is streaming down the west side of the mountain and some alarm is expressed.

ERNEST SCHILLING-HULAKAMP, the hero of the Morosini elopement, has accepted a position as conductor on a Sixth avenue horse car.

It is reported that the American bark Hannah W. Dudley, Capt. Dudley, from New York, Sept. 14, for Shanghai, has been wrecked at Lucina.

A REFUGEE from Khartoum states that after the murder of Gen. Gordon his head hung on a butcher's hook for five days and was pelted and spat upon by the natives.

A GREAT fire occurred in Galveston, Texas last Friday, which consumed over 700 houses and rendered homeless thousands of people. Several fatalities occurred. The loss is estimated at about \$3,000,000.

JOHN H. BRADLEY, a notorious moonshiner, under indictment for the murder of Deputy Marshal Miller, in Sumner county, Tenn., has been sentenced to twelve years imprisonment for illicit distilling.

The steamship *Etruria*, of the Cunard line, and the steamer *Alaska*, of the Guion line, left Queenstown on the same day. The *Etruria* came into New York Bay twelve hours ahead.

A MANDAN (D. T.) special to the *Pioneer Press* says:—"Mrs. Euliz of Glenullen, died on the 3d inst. On the 3d inst. On the 8th she was disinterred and showed signs of life by the flush on her cheeks and the perfect appearance of the body. She is now held and believed to be in a state of suspended animation."

On a train from Naples to Benevento, reaching the latter city at 1 o'clock in the morning, a few days ago, it was found that thieves had penetrated into the baggage wagon, and, after murdering the guard, had stolen parcels of gold to the value of 12,000 francs, and escaped. The body of the guard was found in the van.

On Monday, Captain Nelson Spaulding, recently of the British barkentine *Chelmsford*, received from President Cleveland a handsome gold medal struck in commemoration of the heroic rescue by the *Chelmsford* of the master and crew of the wrecked American schooner William H. Phare, adrift at sea December 1, 1883.

A ROVING band of Indians committed another bloody outrage on Saturday, near the town of Lake Valley, N. M., killing three Chinamen who conducted a vegetable farm on Mimbre Creek, five miles from Toron. The Chinamen were found dead by the roadside, their bodies being horribly mutilated, and thus clearly indicating that the killing was the work of the savages.

THE 100th anniversary of the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen was celebrated on Tuesday evening by a dinner at Delmonico's, at which ladies were among the guests. Speeches were made by Chief Justice Day, who presided; Senator Hawley, ex-Governor Hoffman, Cha



# THE BROOKLYN BALL.

## A Large Assemblage.

### A MERRY TIME.

Just as the last detachment of the mighty army of day workers were hurrying home last Monday evening. A natty dressed young man rounded Schermerhorn Street, Brooklyn, into Smith Street. The electric lights on Fulton Street and Atlantic Avenue cast a strange glance over the scene. The distant rumbling on Fulton Street was unnoticed by this individual. He glanced up at the front of the houses, and crossed over to Sengerbush Hall. The whole building was wrapped in gloom; ascending the steps, the ornamental glass doors were found to be locked. In the gathering darkness, a search was made for the bell which was rung. While waiting for the door to be opened, a figure in a light colored coat, derby hat and tooth-pick shoes was discerned steering down street from the direction of Carroll Park; the figure on the stoop eyed the advance quizzingly, and then a smile enfolded his features. The greeting was cordial. The door was opened at last, and after a few minutes disappearance the whole scene became transformed. A darky rushed out bareheaded with a glowing gas lighter, with such abruptness as to frighten the horse of a "black and tan," who was annihilating time at the rate of three miles an hour. The darky looked as if he was pursued by a legion from the lower regions, and after eyeing the runaway with suspicion, he proceeded to light up the front of the hall.

Other young fellows dropped in occasionally and reported for instructions to the first arrival—Thomas Haydon, who had already stationed the second arrival—W. J. Reilly at the door as ticket-taker where he reposed with an air of ease and elegance.

Soon after, the arrival of those who were "going to take the thing" in be gan.

Every one knew nearly every one else, and the time honored motto, "Bring your sister—if you have none, bring another fellow," was kept in mind, and as a result—exactly as at the society's picnic last August, the indications pointed to a big crowd.

Members of the Gallaudet Club, the Guild, the Catholic and Benevolent Union and the German Club, of New York; the Brooklyn Society and the Newark Association, were out in force. Nearly all the young men present, whether hearing and speaking or deaf-mutes, belonged to some club or other. Brooklyn is noted for the numbers of the young men's clubs it contains, and among those represented were the Orion, Prospect, Monroe, Windsor, and Oxford Social Clubs, and St. Ann's, St. James, St. Charles, St. Mary, and Young Men's and the Young Men Christian Literary Association.

The numbers of young and pretty girls present were countless. And their toilettes were in becoming taste. It is no wonder that with such an attraction the reception was attended by so many young disciples of "Beau Brummel."

But to return to the incidents, when the large assemblage—all who could—were comfortably seated in the broad balconies (the floor of the ball-room itself being completely deserted) Chairman Donnelly took a position on the music gallery and proceeded to open the affair by a few appropriate remarks in keeping with the occasion.

Dr. I. L. Peet in the meantime acting as interpreter for those who were unable to understand the sign language. Then Dr. Peet was introduced and told how deaf-mutes were benefited by such gatherings. He was followed by Prof. David Greenberger who spoke while Dr. Peet signed. Dr. Gallaudet then followed, Mr. E. A. Hodgson, J. F. O'Brien, President of the C. L. B. U.; H. L. Jubring, and Mr. Sharrar, of Philadelphia; and others, also spoke. A letter was read from Mayor Low, expressing his regrets at his inability to attend.

The doors to the ball-room were thrown open, and at the signal the Fourteenth Regiment Band struck up the opening march.

J. F. Donnelly with Miss Lizzie L. Gardiner led off. Following came Mr. T. F. Fox and Miss Ella Dillingham, then D. J. Conway and Miss —. So commenced one of the finest and longest marches ever seen at a deaf-mute ball. As the march circled around the beautiful hall, mammas and papas smiled approvingly from the balcony. Then the following order of dancing was begun, and followed with a zest to the finish.

### ORDER OF DANCING.

#### PART FIRST.

- |                     |                     |           |
|---------------------|---------------------|-----------|
| 1. Promenade,       | B. S. S. of D. M.   | McCormick |
| 2. Lancers,         | "Nanon"             | Wiegand   |
| 3. Waltz,           | "La Madragore"      | Walden    |
| 4. Quadrille,       | "Molloy"            | Wiegand   |
| 5. Schottische,     | "Regina"            | Bralton   |
| 6. Polka,           | "Soubert"           | Bralton   |
| 7. Quadrille Waltz, | "Melange"           | McCormick |
| 8. Waltz,           | "Molloy"            | Howard    |
| 9. Lancers,         | "Saratoga"          | Bernstein |
| 10. Galop,          | "Shooting Star"     | Bial      |
| 11. Quadrille,      | "La Mascotte"       | Wiegand   |
| 12. Waltz,          | "Baiter D'une Ange" | Balford   |
| 13. Lancers,        | "Beggars Student"   | Wiegand   |
| 14. Schottische,    | "Molloy"            | Braham    |
| 15. Waltz,          | "Le Petit Bleu"     | De Wessel |

#### INTERMISSION.

#### PART SECOND.

- |                     |                             |           |
|---------------------|-----------------------------|-----------|
| 1. Promenade,       | "Welcome to Invited Guests" | Wiegand   |
| 2. Quadrille,       | "La Camargo"                | Lecocq    |
| 3. Waltz,           | "Mignonne"                  | D'Albert  |
| 4. Lancers,         | "Mikado"                    | Wiegand   |
| 5. Schottische,     | "Molloy"                    | Braham    |
| 6. Quadrille Waltz, | "Boquet"                    | McCormick |
| 7. Polka,           | "Tidyle"                    | Michaels  |
| 8. Waltz,           | "Molloy"                    | Seaton    |
| 9. Lancers,         | "Saratoga"                  | Fols      |
| 10. Waltz,          | "Corsette"                  | Dias      |
| 11. Quadrille,      | "Amusement"                 | Zikoff    |
| 12. Waltz,          | "Macmerleble"               | Fahnbach  |
| 13. Lancers,        | "Gaspard"                   | Wiegand   |
| 14. Schottische,    | "Molloy"                    | Boettger  |
| 15. Waltz,          | "L'Isle d'Amour"            | Batifort  |

#### HOME, SWEET HOME.

Everything was in good taste. The ladies' parlor is the handsomest we have ever seen, and looks more homelike than many parlors do.

At intermission came the march to supper. The supper-room is located in the basement of the hall, and the tables were so arranged that any one making an address could be seen (or heard) by the whole assemblage. The supper was good, at least that is the verdict of all.

One of the features of this reception was the number of people who occupied the seats in the balcony and enjoyed the scene below. They took care that the applause should be profuse at the right time.

The number of gentlemen and ladies connected one way or other with deaf-mute instruction was large. Mutedom appeared to expect great things of this affair, and it was not disappointed.

Chairman Ennis, of the Floor Committee, was all smiles and persuasion. Nothing could make him believe any one could not dance. And wherever he was, there was always smiles—at his jokes.

The boss brick layer of Brooklyn, Mr. Patterson, was there.

Rev. M. T. Kilaby, who is to have charge of the Brooklyn Sunday school, viewed things from the balcony, as also did Rev. W. Ward.

"Beau" Fogarty, came all the way from Flushing, L. I., to see how his old chum, Jim O'Neil could dance, and to see his alleged pretty girl. Mr. Fogarty is going to the rest of the deaf-mute balls this season.

Daniel McBride, one of the Fanwood graduates, attended. It was the first deaf-mute ball he had ever been to.

John Lloyd, Jr., was out on dress parade with his charming fiancée, Miss M. A. Kenny. He looked happy—so did she.

Col. Jim O'Neil was the happiest man on the floor. He said he could not dance, but as it was known he had a brand-new stock of jokes, he was told to talk, and talk he did.

J. H. Leonard, P. A. Campbell, J. P. Donohue, J. D. Shelton and others, of the C. L. B. U., were overjoyed at the success of the affair, as it predicted a similar turn out at theirs on December 29th.

One young fellow, who looked rather green, became hilarious about 11:30 and said he was going to paint things crimson, but when he was told that he would be "fired" if he did, he looked rather blue, and things preserved their natural color.

Boss McConville surveyed things through glasses mostly, but now and then condescended to view things with the naked eye.

Anthony Capelli and Albert Ballin looked as happy as if they were in Elysian. They hail from Hoboken, in the vicinity of which according to American tradition the Elysian Fields of the United States are located.

Thomas Godfrey beamed lovingly on everybody and everything and discussed this, that and everything, and every body voted that he was a gentleman.

The number of deaf-mute mugwumps present was countless, besides other genuine mugwumps. The above list is only partial, as it is impossible to name all.

"As float the fancies of a gorgeous dream That vanish with the morning's earliest beam As strike the ear some oft remembered strain We once have heard and hope to hear again. Thus to my memory comes that brilliant night, Where wit and beauty held their fatal night."

### Wooden Wedding Surprise.

At the residence of Jacob De Shon, at Union Springs, this State, upon October 20th, occurred the fifth anniversary of his marriage to Miss Sarah Whalon. The occasion was celebrated by a wooden wedding surprise, which was heartily enjoyed by all who were fortunate enough to take a part, and will be long remembered by them as a very pleasant affair. Despite the inclemency of the day, the attendance was large. It rained quite hard during the greater part of the afternoon, which prevented many from being present who would have otherwise attended. The mutes present were Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Cuddeback, Mr. and Mrs. James Jones, James Whalen, George Walters, Michael Chapman, Martin P. Minkie, Samuel A. Taber, Mrs. Silence T. Burwell, Charles Craven, Kate F. Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. John Bendict, also many speaking people. Among the many presents were two Rockers, two stands, one what not, a box of honey, two cut glass fancy goblets, one small decorated pitcher, one painted plaque landscape, a sewing-machine, one parlor Brussels carpet, flannel for a dress, one Chinese lambrquin, etc. Games and merry-making was the order of the evening, and were continued through the wee small hours of the night until another day was ushered in.

A South Ferry stage rumbled along down the street and rolled over the board, breaking it off near the stone. The old woman picked up the pieces, and the boy again put the end of the board upon the stone. An express wagon rolled by and left the board two feet shorter than it was before. Wagons and stages passed on, breaking up the board until the old woman had her arms full of pieces. Then the boy carried the paving stone back to the gutter, pulled a top out of his pocket, and, whipping it around the sidewalk, got in the way of more people inside of a minute than a good boy would in a week.—New York Times.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

## INDIANAPOLIS.

Many pupils at the Institution claim that Field Morrow is the best new teacher in the Institution.

Several routes in the southern part of the city have been in the habit of going to the Institution this fall to attend the service which is held in the chapel every Sunday morning.

Mrs. Isaac Inman, widow of the late Isaac Inman, of Greenwood, Ind., is in the city, visiting among her friends.

Miss Annie Thomas, of Tipton, Ind., is here visiting Mrs. Hendrickson.

David Atkinson, the old shoemaker here, has left with his family, and gone to California for future residence.

Thomas Hendrickson talks of moving to Kansas some time this winter or spring, where he thinks business is plenty.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Peck have returned to this city with their new-born baby, to spend the fall and winter with Mr. Peck's parents.

Mrs. William Compton, who has been spending several months here at her brother's, Mr. Kingsbury, left for her home at Independence, Ind., on the 7th of October.

Miss Lillie Williams, of New Britain, Ind., comes to this city, to visit Mrs. Hesse quite often.

A company of mutes visited the blind asylum, on the 29th of October, and satisfied several of the pupils with oranges and bananas. Among the prominent ones were Mrs. Frank Hesse, Miss Lillie Williams and Miss L. M. Keyon.

Mrs. Harry Beirhans and son have returned to the city, where Mrs. Beirhans' husband is teaching.

Mr. John Houdyshell, of New London, was here on business, a few days ago.

Mrs. William Kingsbury is a widow now. Her husband went to Florida on the 20th of October, to spend the fall and winter in working as a carpenter on a hotel. He writes from there that business is more plentiful than at Indianapolis.

Mrs. Dr. Benson, mother of Mrs. Hesse, is spending the fall and winter at Sulphur Hill, Ind., with friends and relatives.

The mutes, of this city, wish to know what has become of Rev. Mr. Mann. They are longing for him to come and preach whenever he has a chance.

Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Moss, of Burlington, Ind., paid Miss Sadie Kirkman, of Oakford, Ind., a nice visit last week, and had a good time.

Mr. and Mrs. Hesse, Miss Annie Thomas and another mute, took a nice buggy ride to the canal and around Military Park a few days ago.

### Bridgeport, Conn.

Leslie G. Marshall moved his family to Port Chester, N. Y., from Bridgeport, Ct., two weeks ago. He has got an excellent position in the chuck shop lately moved from New Haven, Ct., on account of some disagreement in the stock company.

On Sunday, Rev. Mr. Colt, of New York, conducted religious services for the Mutes at St. Paul's Church.

Mr. Richard P. Martin has been out of work since the close of the Howe Machine shop.

Mr. John Fahy works at the organ factory. He has put his base-ball on the shelf for the season.

Mr. Mortimer Seaman is as enthusiastic as ever in regard to fishing and clamming.

Mr. W. E. Munger works in the rubber factory at Fairfield, Connecticut.

It is said that Miss Katie Miller, of Thompsonville, Ct., is coming to make Bridgeport a visit for a few days this week, upon her return from New York, on her way homewards.

### The Gallaudet Centennial Memorial.

At the earnest request of the Gallaudet Centennial Memorial Committee of the Empire State, President E. M. Gallaudet, of the National Deaf-Mute College, has consented to deliver a lecture on "Monopolies," on Wednesday, December 9th, at 8 p.m., in St. Ann's Sunday-School room. Tickets, price 25 cents, can be obtained of any of the Committee.

CLEMENT R. THOMSON.

Secretary of the G. C. M. of the Empire State.

#### A Bad Boy's Bright Idea.

Some carpenters at work in a building near the foot of Broadway gave an old woman a piece of fourteen-foot pine ceiling for firewood. The board was too long to carry home, and the old woman had no implement with which to break it up. A bright-faced lad of 8 or 10 years stood by and saw the trouble the old woman was in. He considered a moment, and then picked up a paving stone and carried it out to the middle of the street. Then he put one end of the board on the stone and waited results.

A South Ferry stage rumbled along down the street and rolled over the board, breaking it off near the stone. The old woman picked up the pieces, and the boy again put the end of the board upon the stone. An express wagon rolled by and left the board two feet shorter than it was before. Wagons and stages passed on, breaking up the board until the old woman had her arms full of pieces. Then the boy carried the paving stone back to the gutter, pulled a top out of his pocket, and, whipping it around the sidewalk, got in the way of more people inside of a minute than a good boy would in a week.—New York Times.

## FANWOOD.

### Didn't Know it Was Loaded.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

It will no doubt surprise the old classmates of Chas. D. Newton, that the following clipping pertains to him.

"DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED"

Oswego, Nov. 13.—Charles D. Newton, a deaf and dumb printer at Richmond, this county, was fooling with a double barrel gun. Not knowing it was loaded, he pointed it at Mrs. Frank Scott, and the two barrels were discharged. The ramrod being in one barrel, entered the breast of Mrs. Scott just below the shoulder, passing through and lodging in the wall. The ball lodged in her breast about four inches lower, and may prove fatal.—Sunday Tidings.

The marriage of Miss Adelia S. Wolcott to Charles D. Newton is announced to take place on Thursday, November 26th, 1885, at Elmira, N. Y. Their old friends here wish them all happiness.

All the timber used in raising and moving the shop building has been removed, and windows have been inserted in the cellar masonry, giving it the appearance of being one story higher than formerly. It is otherwise an ornament to the handsome brick edifice. Mr. Inteman has plans for the erection of porticos at the entrance to each of the shops, which, when completed, will give the building a very attractive appearance.

Mr. Thure E. Carlson, one of the First Class students, will make a trip to Newark, N. J., next Saturday, where he intends to visit his old classmate, Mr. Charles Jastram, who remains there until Tuesday. He is going to attend the reception and promenade concert to be given at the Academy of Music, November 23d, by the Deaf-Mutes' Association of that place.

Mr. James H. Oaton will go up to Ulster County next Saturday night, in order to spend Thanksgiving Day with his parents and friends.

On Tuesday of last week, William Schenck, an old graduate of the Institution, was seen peddling ehromos on Washington Heights. In order to excite their sympathy, he handed them a printed paper, saying he was supporting a family. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's name was signed, recommending him as honest and industrious.

Clad in a snug-fitting suit, with robust form and smiling countenance, Charles McCormick, the armless deaf-mute, spent the afternoon of Wednesday last with us.

Supervisor Howell has made himself a model sloop of no mean vanship. He is going to confound his attention to a model yacht soon.

The celebrated deaf-mute bicyclist, Mr. John M. Stout, who is staying at Perth Amboy during the winter, was among our Wednesday visitors.

There was a special meeting of the board of directors last Wednesday. Among the familiar faces were Hon. Erastus Brooks, Rev. Charles A. Stoddard, Rev. Dr. Weston, Avery T. Brown and Dr. Gallaudet, who went on a tour of inspection. The composers in the printing office were greatly surprised to see Mr. Brooks pick up a stick and rule and set type.

Mr. Covell, Principal of the West Virginia Institution for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind, and his wife, were among last week's visitors.

George Fisher was surprised with a call from his uncle, last Friday.

Misses Georgie Decker, Frankie Hawkins, May Martin and Agnes Craig, under the care of Miss Edith C. Ryer, went to the fair in aid of the Manhattan Hospital last week.

On the 6th, Messrs. Durian, on the affirmative side, and J. B. Lloyd on the negative, debated on the question: "Resolved, that War causes more suffering than Pestilence." As volunteers, W. H. Rose upheld the affirmative, and J. H. Geary the negative, but the Peet Literary Society's decision, by vote, turned out in favor of the negative.

Prof. Jones ended his story on "Uncle Tom's Cabin," before the Fanwood Literary Association, last Saturday evening. It was universally conceded interesting.

William H. Rose, one of our most promising members of the High Class, is to sail for England by the "Glasgow Service" on the first week of January, 1886. It is his intention to make the great city of London his future home, and as he is liked by his classmates and every body in general, his departure is expected to be witnessed by a large number of his deaf-mute friends.

The winter supply of coal necessary to heat the Institution buildings during the cold weather, is being drawn up to the coal yards and cellars in wagon loads from the dock at the foot of the hill.

Last Friday evening, the 14th inst., W. H. Flanagan delivered the daring adventures of an "Elopement" case, before the Peet Literary Society.

Myron R. Palmer will be in town on the 23d of this month.

The young brother of Peter Glosque, who travels with the Speedwell Combination in their famous bicycle fairs, wheeled down on his two wheeled vehicle to see Peter last Thursday.

Mr. Henry J. Gill, of Baltimore, Md., while stopping in this city, paid a visit to the school on Friday and Saturday of last week.

Wm. B. Magill, of Jersey City, recalled old times with his old classmates, W. A. Emmons and W. F. Howell, last Sunday.

The choir who sign hymns in the afternoon service of the chapel has been composed of girls for the past six or eight years; but it is now the boys who lift their hands in solemn praise. We are compelled to say that the "poetry of motion" is more becoming to the fair sex, still we hope the discord peculiar to boys will be modified by practice, and ere many months see their hands wave as graceful as the girls.

Mr. Cheevers, Secretary of the West Troy Deaf-Mute Society, was visiting here Wednesday and Thursday of last week.

Joseph H. Donnelly, of Rhode Island, William Ennis, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Charles Letts, of Lynn, Mass., and J. Hanneman, of New York City, called on us Monday.

H. Hanneman caught one hundred and thirty-five fishes at the Institution dock one Saturday afternoon.

Messrs. Rose, Fosmire, Fisher, Penrose, McDonald, Egan, H. Hanneman, pupils, W. F. Howell, Supervisor, and Thos. F. Fox, teacher, Dr. Peet, Principal, were the only ones representing Fanwood at the Brooklyn Ball, last Monday.

Mr. Leonard Bartlett, who graduated from the Hartford-School thirty-three years ago, was in this city buying leather for his boot and shoe shop in Killingly, Ct. He called at the Institution Tuesday, the 17th.

Jeremiah Murphy, of Napanoch, Ulster Co., N. Y., was recognized hereabouts on the 17th.

#### AQUILA.

### San Francisco.

#### COMPLIMENTARY BIRTHDAY PARTY.

On the first of October, 1885, notes were sent out to all the mutes of social standing in California, inviting them to be present at the 25th anniversary of Mr. Theodore Grady's birthday, to be held on the 30th of the month at the Y. M. C. A. Hall, 232 Sutter St., San Francisco.

The invitations were signed by three ladies, Mrs. Crandall, Miss K. Crandall and Mrs. Williams, members of the Association, and set forth the reasons for the honor they intended to confer on their brother associate. They wished to show their appreciation of and gratitude for the earnest endeavors of Mr. Grady towards elevating and refining the mutes spiritually and socially. Therefore they had resolved to tender him a birthday party, and to lend attractiveness to the affair the ladies were to dress in calico.

The invitation was promptly accepted, and appreciated by about sixty mutes, and the hall presented a truly delightful aspect on the evening of the 30th. The novelty of the ladies' attire (it was the first calico party on record for us) was not lessened by the decoration with flowers of the large room where the company assembled. A magnificent assortment of books, including all of Washington Irving's Works and the popular poets, were placed on a desk, along with lovely bouquets, for the hero of the evening.

When Mr. Grady arrived and was welcomed by his friends, his emotion was great, and everybody felt that he was able to express more eloquently by look than words how keenly he re-appreciated their gratitude.

The usual games, chat, and bounteous supper were gone through with, and every one was happy and gay.

Mr. Grady was educated at the Berkeley Institute and proved a most diligent scholar, as well as an exemplary moral boy. After passing through all the Institution department, he was entered at the University of California, graduated at the age of twenty-two, and became a clerk in the City Hall at San Francisco. Since then he has been devoted to the cause of the mute-fraternity, and we believe he has a future before him. He is a young man with an aim and an object in life, and it is easy to believe that his perseverance will gain him a way to attain it while he is here. He carries the good will of all honest and good people, both hearing and mute, and it is hard to say enough in his praise.

The writer's only regret is that a more eloquent pen was not chosen to do our friend justice, and feels the uselessness of attempting so divine a task.

Those present, as accurately as we could learn, were Mr. and Mrs. Crandall, Miss Katie Crandall, Miss Florence Crandall, Miss Lizzie Crandall, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Williams, Mr. Theodore Grady, Mr. Theop. H. D'Estrella, Mr. and Mrs. Goodall, Mr. Henry Frank, Mr. Douglas Tilden, Miss Louise Hard, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. C. Craig, Miss Kate Craven, Mr. Thos. Finnegan, Mr. George Shoaf, Mr. Leo Williams, Miss M. Grace Kiddell, Miss Reynolds, Miss M. O'Brien, Miss Maynard, Miss Nellie Grady, Mr. and Mrs. Moses I. Aronson, Mr. Martin Aronson, Miss Susan Wertheimer, Mr. Jas. M. McCabe, Mr. Schlamm, Mr. Neely, Mr. Hesketh, Mr. W. Winslow, Miss L. McComb, Miss M. E. Wright, Mr. Harding, Mr. Must, Miss Sara Darling, Mr. Joshua Willets, Mr. F. B. Shattuck, Miss Leonard, Miss Katie Ford, Mrs. Wall, Misses Wall, and quite a number whose names are unknown to us.

## ELMIRA, N. Y.

Jumbo Club, a new deaf-mute society, which was organized last week, was officered as follows: President, August Christ; Vice-President, Miss Quinn, of Horseheads; Treasurer, F. H. King; Secretary, W. D. Edwards. The object of the organization is to encourage those who are anxious to hold socials, parties, etc. It is probable that a social will be given on Gallaudet's birthday, December 10th, although Elmira is not represented by one of those agents appointed by the executive committee. Last evening a meeting was held, notwithstanding the bad weather. Members debated over the subject of dues to be paid monthly. A certain member moved that dues of twenty-five cents per week be accepted, and his motion was lost. Another offered the motion that no member, in a state of intoxication, be admitted to the club, that is, his name should be dropped from the roll. Seconded, and adopted.

Ladies are admitted as members. They are allowed the same privileges the men have.

There is talk of a surprise party to occur soon. Particulars later on.

Mr. Newton, who used to work on the Oswego Blade, has accepted a good job in a printing office in Richmond, sixty miles from Oswego. His wages are good. He was a visitor here and was seen driving around town with a handsome looking deaf-mute lady. We presume that he will give up the life of single blessedness. Success to him, in the sincere prayer of his friends here. He leaves for home this week to resume his duties.

Work is generally dull in town. There is no chance for any mute to get work in town.

Mr. King requests "Type-Slinger" to inform the JOURNAL readers that the agreement between him and Mr. Quinn to row on Seneca Lake, Watkins, for the championship of Chemung County, was given up, owing to the sore hand of Mr. Quinn, who had met with an accident. The championship will be decided next spring.

Mr. Christ, the honorable President of the Jumbo Club, received a letter from Mr. Dougherty, of Watkins, asking for a good custom shoemaker, and he got a man for him last week.

The JOURNAL is popular here.

TYPE-SLINGER.

Nov. 9, 1885.

### A Word in Behalf of Dr. MacIntire.

That which most commends itself to the popular regard in the meeting of the teachers at the Indiana Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb, is their determination to obtain a life-size portrait of the late Dr. Thomas MacIntire, to be placed in the chapel to his memory. We, the Indiana boys in Washington and at Kendall Green, as well as President Gallaudet and his Faculty, are overjoyed at the noble and commendable project, which deserves success, and which we should do everything in our power to carry to complete success. Dr. MacIntire's life deserves to be of a national character, since he has spent over half a century in the cause of deaf-mute education in the institutions of the five different States—Ohio, Tennessee, Indiana, Michigan, and Pennsylvania. In my judgement, he was the most skillful superintendent in the point of deaf-mute instruction, beyond all comparison, the silent world has ever witnessed in ancient or modern times. An excellent suggestion is that the portrait be worth something like four hundred dollars (\$400.). We, however, would ask our brothers and sisters to put aside the scheme for a while, till we have contributed our mites to complete the statue of our first benefactor, Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, for which the Gallaudet Centennial Memorial Fund has just now kindled a deep interest throughout every part of our great country.

Yours Respectfully,  
CHARLES KERNEY.

### The Newark Reception



